

STAR TREK: EVER UPWARD

Fanfiction by
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The following takes place chronologically between the events of the movie STAR TREK: Generations, and The Next Generation episode "Relics"

Captain's log. Stardate 9753.4 USS EXCELSIOR Hikaru Sulu, commanding. I am on the final leg of my second tour as master of this vessel. Ship and crew continue to perform well. As we proceed towards Sector 001 for crew rotation and ship refit, we are diverting briefly to rendezvous with the USS Jenolan to transfer passengers that joined us during our last starbase visit. Passengers that include a dear old friend...

The bridge of Excelsior was abuzz with excitement. Returning home, at last. Still, there was a bittersweet melancholy that radiated from her most senior officers.

"Excelsior, this is Jenolan. We have you on our scanners. We should be within transporter range within the hour at our current speed."

"Signal our confirmation to Jenolan and advise me when we are within range," Captain Sulu ordered the communications officer. "Aye, sir," came the reply.

"Rand, you're with me. It's time, unfortunately."

First Officer Janice Rand, who for a very long time served as Communications Officer herself, rose from her station and accompanied her Captain into the turbolift.

"Engineering," Sulu said, somewhat under his breath. The turbolift doors then closed, and the conveyance proceeded as directed.

The Engineering section of the USS Excelsior wasn't exactly home, wasn't exactly the Constitution class-refit he was so familiar with, but it was similar enough. Captain Montgomery Scott, retired, looked around the oh-so familiar section of the ship that, for a very brief time late in his career, he served as Captain of Engineering. The steady humming of the warp core took him back in his mind to a time when he performed a covert mission of "surgery" upon the Excelsior's trans-warp computer core, a technology now abandoned and considered "too revolutionary" for its time.

Sulu and Rand approached Captain Scott, who was still looking around at various consoles and reminiscing about old times. "The Jenolan is almost within range," Sulu said.

“Aye,” Scott replied, with a deep sigh. “They’ve got nothin’ like this at the Norpin colony.”

It was then that Scott turned to look at Sulu. “I’m not sure what I want anymore, lad. Retirement isn’t exactly what I expected it to be. But I’m not a raw cadet, either.”

“I understand completely. Rand and I are both set to retire after we put in at Earth when this mission is over. I still don’t know what I want to do next, but the galaxy just doesn’t seem the same anymore.”

Captain Sulu, Captain Scott, and Commander Rand all stared at each other for a few long seconds of mutual understanding, before Sulu spoke again, placing a hand on Scott’s shoulder as he did so. “We were on the other side of the quadrant at the time of the incident aboard the Enterprise-B.”

“I know you woulda been there if ya could, lad,” Scott replied. “Captain Kirk cheated death more times than I can count. I refuse to believe he’s really gone. Still, I keep tellin’ myself I coulda done more, but I dunno what.”

“You did all you could. Nothing could have prevented what happened. Believe me when I say, no one has felt guiltier about Captain Kirk’s demise more than Captain Harriman. He used to beat himself up about it all the time. He and I have become good friends though since, and we’ve spoken a lot about it.”

“Friendship. Aye. That’s what I’ll miss the most,” Scott lamented.

Just then, Janice Rand summoned a nearby crewman, who had with him a pitcher and three small drinking glasses. “I propose a toast, then,” she said, while filling each glass, and then raising one. “To Captain Kirk, and to absent friends.”

Each officer raised their glass, and drank in salute to their old comrades. Scott, of course, ever the critic of fine alcohol, cringed at the sour taste he had just imbibed. “Well, that’s definitely not scotch.”

Rand looked confused. “It’s Romulan Ale. Or, at least it was. We needed to get rid of it before arriving back at Earth, because we’ve had it for so long. Now, it’s…”

“It’s green,” Sulu interrupted.

For the first time on his way toward retirement, Scott smiled, if just a little. He then raised his glass, in honor of old friends he fondly remembered. “Here’s to ya, lads. Wherever ye be, onwards and upwards.”

The shimmer of transporter materialization complete, Captain Scott stepped off of the pad and onto the deck of the transport vessel intended to take him to his new home.

“Welcome aboard the Jenolan. I’m Ensign Matt Franklin,” said a young officer at the transporter controls, introducing himself. “Please forgive the mess in the corridor. We’re making emergency repairs to one of our plasma transfer conduits.”

“I wrote the book on them!” Scott exclaimed. “How can I help?” he asked, glad to be feeling useful once again.

As the Excelsior entered Spacedock, in high orbit above Earth, Sulu let out a gasp, as he recognized another old friend, being towed out of Spacedock by warp-capable tugs to its new home at the Fleet Museum. On its repaired hull, it’s registry number was unmistakable.
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